

B. NYE TOWERS HIGH

The Eiffel Tower, the Trunk and the Genius.

DON'T TRY TO BE TOO MUCH

The Peculiar Sensation of Being Up In the World—Advantage of Arriving at Chicago Over New York.

HOTEL RICHELIEU, Chicago, November.

It is pretty well settled now, I think, that the world's fair is to have a tower which will make that of Mr. Eiffel look stunted. The tower will be over 100 feet higher than the Paris tower, and will have a flag-staff on the top, surmounting which will be a weather vane representing a human face pointed toward Paris, with its thumb to its nose and its fingers fluttering in the air.

The Keystone Bridge company is to do the job, using the French ideas with American improvements. It is said that this tower will stand for years, no doubt, after the big fair has gone and the popcorn and other booths have been removed. Its earning capacity will greatly exceed that of the French tower, which shows how the Yankee mind has, with all its love of art and vertu, a frugal twist to it.

I remember very well spending an entire afternoon working my way to the top of the Eiffel tower and the entire evening in getting back to the hotel.

It was as difficult as it is to become a thirty-second degree Mason while your family is having the measles.



ON THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The Eiffel tower was supplied with several elevators, and one had to change cars several times. As one proceeded upward, but with less rolling motion, it was found that when he got up to where the employees had to wear the heaviest topcoats even in the heat of summer, the traveler had to stand and shiver for hours in line with others, as he would at the postoffice or the box office of my great drama.

I spent an evening in the Eiffel tower once, dining in the cafe which gave upon the Trocadero. Mr. Eiffel dined there that evening. He is a very handsome man of fifty, perhaps, with wavy, silvery hair and a very elegant manner. He has been acquired by studying carefully the etiquette of Americans who visit Paris.

The venerable father of the Panama canal, and other things, was dining there also. He was the eighty-year-old man, but straight and strong, apparently, as a Georgia pine.

The Paris tower was tall enough for me, and no additional height would be necessary so far as I am concerned. Imagine yourself at a height of about two miles in the air, with a republic and several empires at your feet, while the Eiffel tower, which you stand in swaying backward and forward with an oscillation of seven feet, and with the dull and distant rumble of the city below, and the solemn rumble of the other elevators, the rush of the wind past your face and the chill of the thin air, and you will see that there is a nice cold cloud in sight, and you may have a very fair idea of how one felt on the tower of '89.

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The tower will have a seating capacity of 25,000 people, and there will be a large number of spirited restaurants of the English, French, German, Italian and American style. The prices have not been fixed yet, nor the menus printed, but they will probably be high. The tower will be a place where the living and the dead have been living at Delmonico's for the past few years.

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You have rashly agreed to get married on your arrival, perhaps, or you may have accepted an invitation to be present at a large dinner where you will make a few remarks.

A FEW SPONTANEOUS, SPONTANEOUS REMARKS.

So when this able and thoroughly well-informed baggage checker man takes your check and your address you have a slight relief and begin to drink in the picturesque beauties of Elizabeth and New York city, those beautiful abodes of wealth and culture, and with joy you sniff the rich

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aroma from the bone works along your route. You feel assured that when you get to your inn or your chocolate-colored bed in One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street, your trunk will be on the stoop with a kind welcome and one hinge waiting for you.

But after several bitter experiences in this way you finally give it up and yield to despair. I do not know how many happy weddings have been broken off by the press and Transfer and General Memphis-tophiles association of New York, or how many impromptu speeches have died in the bosom of the typewriter because of this great incorporated disappointment company.

Once I got my trunk on time but my wife did not. We were to go together some where, for we were not then posted regarding New York customs. So we were to go together. It was an evening affair, and it was full dress. I wanted to wear my full dress, for I had a nice new suit with embroidery down the side of the leg. It was my first effort in evening dress and I was desirous to try it, but my wife said nay. It would be very rude and de trop to wear evening dress when she appeared in a street dress.

So I relented and went in short coat with hectic necktie and mingled with those who were clad in the severest evening dress throughout. No one knows how many hearts have bled over those sickening delays and disappointments. I remained a month in New York at that time, hoping for another invitation which would necessitate evening toilet, but no one asked me out.

In Chicago the railroads came almost into the center of the city on the north, west and south, and when you have bathed your features, and looked under the bed for a burglar, and rummaged the drawers of the dressing case for forgotten hosiery and the briefs of departed guests, the porter knocks softly at your door and wheels in on a rubber-tired truck your welcome trunk. It is a very great comfort and delight.

Last week I met a man on the train who got even with me in a way I despise. He had been my guest once at home for a week, and I certainly tried to make it pleasant for him during that time. He remained at the house as much the proprietor as I was. He got up when he felt like it in the morning, and his breakfast was ready for him. We saved out the tender corner of the steak for him, and though we didn't always like to do it,

WE REFUSED THE SECOND JOINT

of the bowl because we knew he liked it, and his nerves were not quite strong, being sort of a genius—the kind of genius that does not think it has to be responsible; the kind of intellectual child wonder that ignores the dull detail of recollection bills and is just equivalent to people who have no genius.

The Paris tower was tall enough for me, and no additional height would be necessary so far as I am concerned. Imagine yourself at a height of about two miles in the air, with a republic and several empires at your feet, while the Eiffel tower, which you stand in swaying backward and forward with an oscillation of seven feet, and with the dull and distant rumble of the city below, and the solemn rumble of the other elevators, the rush of the wind past your face and the chill of the thin air, and you will see that there is a nice cold cloud in sight, and you may have a very fair idea of how one felt on the tower of '89.

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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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FLEET-FOOTED INDIANS.
They Consider It an Easy Feat to Outrun Uncle Sam's Cavalry.

One of the problems of the soldier in the west is to overtake the Indian when that fellow wants to get away. Let a band of Indians commit a depredation and start to run and it is one of the greatest of difficulties to catch them. No one who remembers the accounts of the Geronimo band can forget the trials of the army men who were sent to capture and punish the redskins. Once they had reached the mountains it was almost impossible to get near them. They got only knew the land thoroughly, but they could run so rapidly that you might have them safely located in one place, bring your detachment up, only to find they had gone bag and baggage, hours and hours before. On a straight chase it is almost equally impossible to catch them. Even cavalry is useless against them. The hunter, after all, is the better animal, and he would be a good deal more successful in following the Indian than the army man. The only hope was in numbers that could in time surround and turn back the line of retreat so often permitted to elude the cavalry. The Indian would surrender more from confusion than from fear. It is no difficult thing for one of the mountain Indians to run 100 miles in ten hours, and he can carry a heavy load of messages for army officers in that time very often. A single mile in three minutes has been made on a water trail and again, in the case of the Indian, the distance is introduced by a race of five miles, in which the winner, on a testimony that cannot be denied, makes the distance in twenty minutes, climbing at the conclusion of the race a sloping height of over 700 feet.

So proud are the Indians of their prowess as runners that on a recent occasion when Commissioner Morgan of the Indian bureau, was in the territories looking after his wards, the Navajos brought a runner to the headquarters of the government man, and he wanted to pit him against a hunter, Lieutenant Baker, of the Seventh Infantry, and Lieutenant Pierson, of the Engineer corps, slipped away from the commissioner, and went down to where the Indian was camping. Baker said he thought the Navajo couldn't run. They were very much offended, and offered to bet he could outrun a horse.

"Baker," said Pierson, "you bet them I can beat their man."

The lieutenant of infantry made the proposition, and the Indian, who was a very young man, readily agreed to the proposition. They could not get to him quickly enough. They came in groups and clamored for a second round. The army men offered, even to their ponies. He had about a pack of the most beautiful garments heaped on a blanket before him and all the silver gear he had in camp. The Indian racer stripped to the skin and Pierson took off his heavier garments. Indians and whites agreed upon a course and the runners started. Pierson is a sprinter who could probably beat any man in the army and he ran away from the Navajo. But the Indians were game. They were sadly disappointed in their man, but the bets they had made were a good deal of money. The army men rounded up their herd of ponies, loaded a burro with pots and valuables, hired a boy to carry the lighter winnings and started away. The Indian broke camp and got ready to leave. As soon as the two lieutenants had shown their plunder to the other officers, they sent for the losers and gave everything back. It was quite a difficult matter for them to explain to the Indians that an army officer could not gamble with Indians, and certainly could not justly win from them. But so game was the latter that they did not want to take their things back.

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Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, acid, headache, bad taste in mouth, poor breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin, pain in back and between the shoulders, chills and fever, etc. If you have any of these symptoms, your liver is out of order and your blood is slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act properly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as a liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottles at C. O. M. I. drug department.

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SLEM, OR., April 10,
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Late County Judge of Polk County, -

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